

THE LADY'S

MISCELLANY;

OR,

THE

WEEKLY

VISITOR.



FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

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[NO. 15.]

THE
MONK OF THE GROTTO.

A Tale:

(Continued)

A fatal event soon deprived him of the only consolation the earth afforded him. The young Spanozzi, his darling and only son, whose dawning merit announced that he would be a worthy brother of Eugenio and Virginia, was attacked by a small-pox of a most malignant kind, and expired in his arms the ninth day after he was seized with that cruel disorder.

The Marquis driven to despair, abandoned himself to a degree of grief bordering upon absolute delirium. He had not only lost his son, but with him the hope of enjoying that fortune, for the sake of which he had sacrificed every thing, even his peace of mind. In vain would he resume with his wife that deceitful mask which had seduced them both for such a number of years. The Marquis preserved too recent a re-

membrance of her late proceedings towards him. He sued for a separation, allowed her that part of her estate he had received at her marriage, and retired to a Monastery of Carmelites, situated in the Apennines, on the frontiers of Tuscany; gave his whole fortune to that Convent, and there passed the rest of his days in lamenting the loss of his first wife, his daughter, and his son.

Eugenio, who was informed of all these events in his retreat, pined the Marquis, regretted the death of his young brother, because he was the brother of Virginia, and detached himself more than ever from the world. Solely occupied with the duties of his situation, he endeavoured, by fulfilling them with zeal, to calm the consuming grief which incessantly oppressed his heart. The remembrance of his dear lost Virginia pursued him even to the foot of the altar; she was ever present to his imagination, and her name was incessantly on his lips. Sometimes in the midst of the

most awful ceremonies of religion, he thought he heard the enchanting accents of her sweet voice. Incapable of alleviating the trouble that oppressed him, he would rush, in frantic despair, out of the Church, and traverse the circle of the walls of the Convent, in which reposed the inanimate remains of her who had been so dear to him. Deep sighs would then burst from his heaving bosom; he would suddenly stop, address his fervent prayers to Heaven, and afterwards return to deposit, in the friendly breast of Father Genaro, his regrets, his remembrances, and his griefs.

This violent state of agitation, and the efforts he continually made to submit with resignation to the will of Heaven, destroyed his health. A dreadful emaciation succeeded the graceful form of his noble and elegant person. His pale and hollow cheeks, his grave and serious deportment, so materially altered him from what he had formerly been, that his nearest friends would scarce have known him.

Father Genaro, who ever preserved the same line of conduct towards him, and who was ever affectionate and in-

dulgent, afforded him the only consolation he was capable of enjoying. One evening, when he was seated by that respected and worthy friend, who was confined to his bed by a violent fit of the gout, and reading to him a few chapters of the Bible, in order to beguile his sufferings, a servant delivered a letter to Father Genaro from the Abbess of San Cipriano.

The venerable Monk, after having perused it, said to Eugenio—"You know, my friend, that I am the Abbess's Confessor. She desires to see me immediately upon an affair which she assures me is of the most important nature; but as she is aware I am ill, she requests that one of our Fathers, of whom I shall approve, may come in my stead. Now as I consider you as my other self, do me the favour to attend her."

Eugenio clasped the hand of his much reverend friend and hastened to obey him.

Scarce had he announced to the portress that he came from Father Genaro, in obedience to the orders of the Abbess, than, instead of introducing him to the hall, according to the usual custom, he was deair

ed to enter into the interior of the monastery. A Nun conducted him to a secret cabinet, where the Abbess soon made her appearance.

"The reputation of Father Carlo," said she, addressing him, "his virtues, his strict piety, are so perfectly known to us, that I rejoice at Father Genaro's having chosen so worthy a substitute. But, my father," added the Abbess, with an emotion which forcibly struck Eugenio, "the business which he has entrusted to you is of such importance, that I ought to require, on your part, a sacred oath never to reveal it."

"My respect for your orders will doubtless be sufficient, Madam," answered Eugenio; "but notwithstanding that, I am ready to receive your secret under the sacred seal of a confession."

"I demand no more," exclaimed the Abbess; "it is therefore under the sacred seal of confession I entrust to you what you will now witness."—She then gently clapped her hands, and a Nun appeared. "My sister, said she, conduct Father Carlow to the strayed sheep, whom you say so earnestly solicits the last consolations of the Church; for God forbid I should be answerable for the soul of that sinner!"

tions of the Church; for God forbid I should be answerable for the soul of that sinner!"

The Nun bowed her head in silence, lighted a taper, placed it in a dark lantern, and led the way by a secret staircase, which communicated with the cabinet of the Abbess. Eugenio followed her, and traversed several narrow galleries. At length they arrived at an iron grate. The Nun opened it. A large stone staircase, leading to a subterraneous vault, presented itself to the astonished eyes of Eugenio.—"Where are you leading me, Madam?" said he, with emotion. "Are the infirmaries of your Convent under ground?"

The Nun turned towards him without making answer, profound sadness was imprinted on her countenance, and tears dropped from her eyes.

Eugenio then began to comprehend what was required of him. His soul shuddered, and he repented at having undertaken a mission, the accomplishment of which was likely to cause him so much uneasiness; but afterwards the idea of perhaps being of service to the unfortunate creature to whom he was approaching, restored him to his courage.

After having traversed the subterraneous gallery, the Nun stopped before an iron door with double-bars, which she opened with a trembling hand and introduced Eugenio to a capacious chamber hewn out in the rock. A lamp suspended from the roof, cast that pale and uncertain light around, which it is necessary to be for some time accustomed to, in order to distinguish the objects reflected upon. In one corner was a kind of couch, the furniture of which appeared to have been of green stuff. A large ivory crucifix, placed on a black velvet ground, in an old worm-eaten wooden frame, appeared on the wall to the left. On the right was a matted chair, and near it was a stool, on which were placed some religious books, a chaplet, and an hour-glass.

The Nun softly advanced, and drew aside a kind of curtain which concealed the couch, and offered to the looks of Eugenio the unfortunate object to whom he was anxious to offer the most tender consolations. She was clad in the habit of her order, but without a veil; a prodigious quantity of dark brown hair covered her neck and shoulders, her forehead and part of her face.

Her pale and emaciated hands were joined on her breast; and she would have appeared as already enjoying eternal repose, had not her limbs been agitated by convulsive starts.

"She is asleep," said the Nun, with a low voice. "But gracious Heaven! what kind of a sleep is it?—My Father," added she, with tears in her eyes, "do not awake her. I leave you with her; pray the Almighty God to have pity on her long sufferings! I, who have been the daily witness of her angelick mildness, of her heavenly resignation, already number her among the Saints. But she was desirous, before dying, of receiving the consolation of the Church. I have long solicited this favour from the Lady Abbess, and I am happy she has appointed you to accomplish it."

Eugenio, extremely moved, thanked the Nun, not by words, but by his looks; indeed he was unable to speak. She went out, shut the door, and left him alone with the interesting victim, who still slumbered. He knelt near her, and addressed the most fervent prayers to Heaven. Her sighs, and the faint heavings of her bosom, soon announced to him that she was awake.

"Madam," said Eugenio, in a voice which the excess of his emotion rendered scarce distinct, "you have desired the presence of a Minister of the Lord. I feel happy at having been chosen to fulfil, in your behalf, the sacred duties of my profession. I am ready to hear you, not as your judge, but as your friend, whose soul is sensible to your sorrows, and earnestly desire to alleviate them.

"Where am I?" said the unfortunate Nun. "What voice is that which strikes my ear? The sweet, the dear illusion cannot last! No, it is not him!—it cannot be him!"

"Virginia!" exclaimed Eugenio, with an accent of terror.

"Gracious God!" said Virginia, "you have heard my ardent prayer! I once more behold him! It is my Eugenio, my v—loved Eugenio, who comes to receive my last sigh!"

Virginia! Virginia!" repeated Eugenio, with an air of distraction. "But now she no longer speaks! She answers me not! Alas! she is dead!" he exclaimed, raising up his unfortunate mistress, who, pale, cold and unmoveable, no longer answered his carresses.

He held the lamp near her, and moved aside the flowing hair which covered that adorned countenance, where notwithstanding the ravages of grief and time, the same loveliness and inexpressible charms were visible, the remembrance of which was so deeply engraven on his heart. Eugenio contemplated her for some minutes in a state of calm despair: then yielding to the impetuosity of his grief, he pressed to his bosom the precious remains of her he had so dearly loved—"Virginia! Virginia!" he exclaimed, "answer me!" at the same time kissing the lips of the ill-fated maid, and appearing as though he was endeavouring to re-animate the spark of life by the warm breath which exhaled from his bosom.

Virginia opened her eyes, made an unavailing effort to throw her arms round Eugenio, fixed a tender and mournful look on him, uttered several inarticulate words, reclined her head, and heaved a deep sigh, it was the last the unfortunate Eugenio ever heard from his beloved Virginia!

The Nun waited more than an hour in the subterraneous abode; then venturing to open

the door, she shrieked aloud, and entered the dungeon with precipitation.

Eugenio had swooned, and clasped in his arms the dead body of Virginia. His excessive paleness made her at first imagine he was expiring; but the faint palpitation of his breast gave her some hopes. Previous to her administering any assistance, she endeavoured to remove Virginia. After exerting her utmost strength, she effected her purpose, and laid her on the bed. She afterwards took a jug of water, and sprinkled a few drops in Eugenio's face, which soon restored him to himself.

He looked wildly around him, as if he was endeavouring to retrace the remembrance of some frightful dream. When he perceived the Nun near him, he started with an emotion of terror.

"Her sufferings have ceased," said the Nun, with a mournful and resigned air. "She now enjoys eternal happiness, You, on whom her death has produced so terrible an effect, submit to the will of Heaven; for I am persuaded such an excess of grief could rend the heart of no other per-

son but Eugenio. I am convinced it is to him, and not to Father Carlo, I now address myself. He shall receive from me those details, of which he must be anxious to be informed. Virginia has entrusted all his sorrows to my breast; but let me earnestly entreat him to calm his agitation, and not to lose sight of the dignity that belongs to the sacred character with which she is invested."

Thus saying, she seized the cold and trembling hand of Eugenio, drew him gently from the mournful scene, and shut the door.

"Oh my Virginia!" exclaimed the unfortunate Eugenio, in accents that pierced the heart of the compassionate Nun; then disengaging his hand which she held, he rushed back, and endeavoured to enter the subterraneous chamber.

The Nun left him to exhaust his strength in attempting to open the door; she had the keys, which Eugenio in his frenzy, had not thought of demanding. He addressed himself to Virginia, as if he thought she was capable of hearing him. He entreated her with cries and lamentations to an-

swer him ; then falling on his knees, he invoked Heaven, and called down on the heads of the executioners of his mistress, the avenging thunder of the Eternal.—‘Yes, vengeance! vengeance!’ he suddenly exclaimed, with a degree of fury that froze the Nun with terror.

He was no longer the virtuous Father Carlow, whose calm deportment and commanding gravity inspired respect and confidence ; it was the young Eugenio, impelled by all the ardour and impetuosity of his character. He walked with hasty strides ; his furious gestures were terrible to behold, and he incessantly repeated—“Vengeance! Vengeance!”

“In the name of Heaven!” said the terrified Nun—“in the name of Virginia!” added she, shedding tears “calm yourself. Ah! if that pure soul, that model of the mildest virtues, could now join her voice to mine, with what earnestness would she not entreat you to offer to God the sacrifice of your revenge?”

“No, no!” exclaimed Eugenio, with dreadful accents, “no pardon, no mercy in this world towards the wretches who have been guilty of such crimes! shall fly to Rome,

and denounce to the Pope this unparalleled scene of horror and tissue of enormities. Tremble at the punishment that awaits you!—But, no,” added he, in a milder tone, “it is not you who are guilty; you wept while you was conducting me to HER! you still weep at the sufferings of the lovely victim. Pardon me!—Repeat to me that she was dear to you!—that your compassionate cares and tender consolations have assuaged the cruel and unheard of miseries by which the barbarians have shortened her days! Oh my Virginia! eternal object of the dearest and most ardent affections of my life, was this the sad destiny to which you was doomed?”

Eugenio clasped his hands, raised his eyes towards Heaven, and a torrent of tears flooded his pale and livid cheeks.

The Nun seized the advantage of the moment to draw him from the subterraneous abode ; but before she left it, she took from beneath a large stone a bundle of papers, which she delivered to him.—“It is long,” said she, “since I have prayed to Heaven for the opportunity of presenting them to you. Had it occurred sooner

the reading of these papers might have afforded you the means of saving the unfortunate victim, whose loss you now deplore. You will at least peruse de ail dear to your soul, since they concern Virginia.

(*To be Continued*)

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany

A True Story.

LOUISA to EMMA,

HER FRIEND IN THE EAST-INDIES.

Thee Emma, four flow-circling
years have seen
Press with thy pensive foot, Sa-
vannas green ;
Seen thee, with fond affection's
mosten'd gaze,
And the low-warbled song of for-
mer days,
Wind round the shadowy Rock,
and shelving Glade,
Where broad Bananas stretch their
grateful shade ;
Bend o'er the West thy longing
eyes and chide
The tardy Breeze that fans th' un-
freighted Tide.

Now as with filial care thy light
step roves,
'Thro' India's palm-y plains, and
spicy groves,
To bless thee, exil'd thus in youth's
gay prime,

May sprightly health resist the
torrid clime,
Temper the sickly blast, the fer-
ver'd ray,
And peace, and pleasure, lead the
shining Day !
Yet, when thou know'st for me,
that sorrow shrouds
Hope's crystal mirror with imper-
vious clouds,
The sighs, and tears, that tender-
est pity speak,
Shall swell thy breast, and chill thy
glowing cheek ;
Since one have been our pleasures,
one our cares,
From the first dawn of those deli-
cious years,
What time, inspir'd by joy's en-
livening powers,
We chas'd the gilded insect thro'
the bowers,
And oh ! I fondly tell my anxious
heart,
The dearest truth experience can
impart,
That yet, to quench this sympathy
of soul,
Time, and the world of waters,
vainly roll.

O'er this deep Glen, departing
Autumn throws,
With kind reverted glance, a short
repose.
E'er yet she leaves her ENGLAND'S
fading scene,
Where sickley yellow stains the
vivid green,
And many an icy morn, and stor-
my gale
Embrown the pathway of the wind-
ing vale.

Now, while I seek the bosom of
 the Glade,
 And the thin shelter of th' impoverish'd shade,
 Unequal steps, and rising sighs,
 disclose
 The thorny pressure of tyrannic
 woes ;
 And where th' incumbent Rock,
 with awful face,
 Bends o'er the fountain, gurgling
 from its base,
 And marks the limit of the silent
 Dell,
 Sadly I sit my bosom'd griefs to
 tell ;
 Invoke thy Spirit, those fond griefs
 to sooth,
 And bid, alas ! their surging tide
 be smooth.

It will not be ;—since here, with
 yearning thought,
 By weak, involuntary impulse
 brought,
 Where Love and Memery bear
 resistless sway,
 And all the weakness of the Soul
 betray !

O Ye known objects !—how ye
 strike my heart !
 And vain regrets, with keener force
 impart !
 Slow, thro' the faded grove, past
 Pleasures glide,
 Or sadly linger by the fountain's
 side.

Dear, awful witness of a broken
 vow,
 Steep Rock, how sternly frowns
 thy rugged brow !

But, if the frequent blast shall bend
 thy pines,
 Clear at thy foot the crystal wa-
 ter shines !
 Tho' drizzling Clouds the misty
 Mountains veil,
 Yet the mild Sun-beam gilds the
 narrow Dale !
 Tho' vernal flow'rs this bank no
 more adorn,
 Nor Summer's wild rose blushes
 on its thorn,
 Yet shelter'd, mossy, dry, and
 warm, it d aw-
 The heedless roving step to quiet
 pause.

Thus the pale Year tho' nature's
 edicts urge
 Her step to Winter's desolating
 verge,
 Sedately passes to the drear do-
 main,
 And breathes, e'en yet, soft com-
 forts o'er the plain ;
 But oh ! for me, in Youth's lux-
 uriant glow,
 Hope's lovely florets wither as they
 blow !

No grief my bosom at our part-
 ing knew,
 But that of bidding thee a long
 adieu ;
 And the sweet tears, that such soft
 sorrows bring,
 Fall, as light rain-drops in the sun-
 ny Spring ;
 For youthful Hope, subduing ten-
 der Fears,
 Bounds o'er the gulf of interposing
 Years ;
 While, thro' their course, her airy

hands avert
Misfortune's arrow from the Wanderer's heart.

Soon then did Cheerfulness the morn illumine,
And Peace descends with Evening's grateful gloom;
They saw my breast in that clear spirit gay,
Which speeds the social hour so fast away.

Now Expectation's fervour rose, to hail
The youthful Master of this quiet Vale,
My blooming Brother—from Oxonia's towers,
Who sought, with tender haste, his native bowers.

'Twas Noon, and ripen'd Summer's fervid ray
From cloudless Ether shed oppressive day.
As on this shady bank I sat reclin'd,
My voice, that floated on the waving wind,
Taught the soft echos of the neighboring plains
Milton's sweet lays, in Handel's matchless strains.

Presaging notes my lips unconscious try,
And murmur—" * Hide me from Day's garnish eye!
Ah! blest, had Death beneath his sabd shrine
Hid me from all the woes that since were mine!

* An enchanting Song of Handel's, from Milton's II Penitens.

Beneath my trembling fingers lightly rung
The Lute's sweet chords, responsive while I sung.
Faint in the yellow broom the Oxen lay,
And the mute Birds sat languid on the spray:
And nought was heard, around the noon-tide bower,
Save, that the mountain Bee, from flower to flower,
Seem'd to prolong, with her assiduous wing,
The soft vibration of the tuneful string;
While the fierce Skies flam'd on the shivering Rills
And sultry Silence brooded o'er the hills!

(To be Continued.)

VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

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The celebrated Prince de Conde, in the latter part of his life, was very lame with the gout: and was one day in that situation apologising to the king, for making him wait at the top of the great stair-caes at Versailles, which he was ascending very slowly, 'Alas! my cousin,' replied Louis XIV.

'who that is so loaded with laurels as yourself, can walk fast.'

When the great admiral Haddock was dying, he called his son, and told him, 'considering my rank in life, and public services, for so many years, I shall leave you but a small fortune; but, my boy, it is honestly got, and will wear well; there are no seamen's wages or provisions, nor one single penny of dirty money in it.' How happy would be the nation, could all modern officers say the same with equal justice!

IDLENESS.

Bishop Cumberland being told by some of his friends that he would wear himself out by intense application, replied, 'It is better to wear out than to rust out.'

Idleness is the most painful situation of the mind, as *standing still*, according to Galen, is of the body.

Rousseau, in his Confession, says, 'In my opinion, idleness is no less the best of *society* than of solitude. Nothing contracts the mind, nothing engenders trifles, tales, backbitings, slanders and falsities, so much

as being shut up in a room opposite each other, reduced to no other occupation than the necessity of continual chattering. When every one is employed, they speak only when they have something to say; but if you are doing nothing, you must absolutely talk incessantly, and this of all constraints, is the most troublesome, and the most dangerous. I dare go even farther, and maintain, that to render a circle truly agreeable, every one must be not only doing something, but something which requires a little attention.'

Calvin is said to have composed 2023 sermons. He either wrote or dictated during the whole of his last illness; and when his friends requested him to do nothing, he used to say, 'What, would you have the Lord come and surprise me in my idleness?'

AUTHORS.

BOSSUET, before he sat down to compose a sermon, read a chapter in the prophet Isaiah, and another in Rodriguez's tract on christian perfection. The former fired his genius, the latter filled his heart.

Dominichino, the famous painter, never offered to touch

his pencil till he found a kind of enthusiasm or inspiration upon him.

Valesius used to say; he learned more from borrowed books than from his own; because, not having the same opportunity of reviewing them, he read them with more care.

Imperial.

ANECDOTE.

A poor fruit-woman at Paris not being able to pay two or three quarters rent which she was indebted, her rigid landlord insisted she should sell her goods. The few effects she possessed were scarcely sufficient to discharge her debts and the expences of the sale, and she shed many tears at the prospect of being reduced to the most abject poverty. Her grief was increased when she saw put up to sale a little old dirty picture of St. Jerome, which had always hung at her bed's head, and which, as it had belonged to her mother and her grand-mother before her, she had conceived a great regard for. A painter, who had examined the picture, put it up at half-a-crown, a virtuoso, who was present at the sale, immediately bid double. The artist, thinking to stop the mouth of his competitor at

once bid a louis-d'or. 'Fifty livres!' the other. 'A hundred livres!' rejoined the painter.

In the mean time the poor woman was transported with joy; her rent and all expences were more than paid by the little St. Jerome. Her joy was redoubled when she heard the amateur offer two hundred livres for the picture, and she could scarcely contain herself when he raised the price, by bidding upon bidding, to six hundred.

The painter then obliged to yield, and, with a countenance strongly expressive of disappointment, said to the purchaser,

'You are very fortunate, sir, in being richer than I am; for, if I could have spared the money, you should not have had it for six thousand livres.'

The picture was an original by Raphael.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, August 3, 1811.

"Be it our task,

To note the passing tidings of the time

The City Inspector report the death of 86 persons in this city and suburbs during the last week, ending on the 27th inst

FIRE.

On Sunday morning between 12 and 1 o'clock, the three coopers' shops the lower end of Pine-street, were destroyed by fire. They were occupied by Mrsrs

Wm and John Gallaher, Joseph Giraud and John Walker. It is said the fire originated in Mr. Gallaher's shop. The buildings each side of Mr. Gallaher, were occupied by families, who lost every thing, having with difficulty escaped from the flames. The brick front house on the corner of front and Pine streets occupied by Mr. James Mathews and Wm. Hunter, the former a grocer and the latter a patent bread baker; and the house adjoining, occupied by Mr. Samuel Paxton, auctioneer, were also destroyed, together with considerable property stored in them. All the above buildings belonging to the Bruse estate, and were partly insured. The three story brick store opposite the cooper's shops in Pine-street owned by Mr. Robert Bown, and occupied Mess. Bowne & Seymour was considerable injured, the fire having got into a large quantity of hemp therein stored, which was mostly destroyed. The store, of Mess. Hyer and Bremner, on the corner of Pine and Front-streets, was also considerably scorched, but saved by unusual exertions.

Confirmed Thieves—Last week, two fellows who had been discharged from the State-Prison in May last, re-commenced their depredation on society, by robbing Trinity church of a quantity of bibles and prayer-books, and stealing the big parish bible at St. Michael's Broomingdale. In their haste to dispose of their plunder, they carried some of it to an auction to sell, and were detected and apprehended, and are now in a fair way for a longer lease of their former lodgings—*Columbian*.

The Governor of South Carolina, by proclamation has offered a reward of 400 dollars for apprehending the murderer of Jane Smart found 8 miles from Charleston with her throat cut.

Horses killed by lightning. On Tuesday the 19th inst. a team of five horses, belonging to Mess. Henry and John Hampton, merchants, of Buckland, Va. that were travelling from Alexandria, were caught in a violent storm, near Centreville, accompanied with thunder and lightning; the horses took fright at the noise of the thunder and ran out of the road two or three hundred yards,

were stopped by a fence, and immediately a tree near the waggon was struck by lightning, from thence it passed to the horses and killed every horse; the waggoner a white man, Joseph Thompson, miraculously escaped unhurt, having that minute got from off the saddle horse and was standing about 6 feet off. The loss of said team is supposed to be between 5 and 600 dollars. *Alex. Her.*

Remarkable preservation. One day last week, a child of Mr. Marsh, of Danvers, three years old fell 25 feet into a well, where the water was about 5 feet deep; the mother, who was alone at home, by her screams brought a man to her assistance, who descended the well, and took the child out unhurt, having escaped striking the sides, and with the buoyancy of the water was supporting itself by holding upon the stones of the well. *Salem Gaz.*

COMMUNICATED

Shocking Suicide. On Saturday the 27th inst. George Segar, an artificer in the U. S. regiment of artillerists, without any apparent cause, put a loaded musket to his mouth and discharged it, which instantly put an end to his existence.

Execution. Winslow Russell was executed at Troy, on the 19th inst. A sermon was delivered from a stage, and an anthem sung accompanied by two bands of martial music, in complete uniform: three uniform companies and all the militia of the city under arms. If so much parade increases the solemnity of the scene, does it not also lessen the disgrace of the punishment?

The old serpent dead. Last Thursday was killed, by colonel Dudley, in Dudley Woods, a Mammoth Rattle Snake six feet long, and had 17 rattles; of course he was 20 years old.

Drowned, in the North river Monday last, Mr. Henry Holland, aged 33 years.

On the 22 ult. a pleasure boat was upset opposite the navy yard and William Collingwood and David Sorlland were drowned. The body of the latter has been found.

A new mode of travelling. Adam Ceadr and wife arrived a few weeks since in the neighborhood of Lancaster from Sunbury, Northumberland county Pennsylvania a journey of upwards of 400 miles which he performed with a common wheelbarrow, loaded with 140 pounds of baggage in 32 days. He is upwards of sixty years of age.

Married.

On Saturday evening last by the Rev M. Lyell, Mr. John Fox to Miss Amelia Shipman, both of this city.

At Claremont, N. H. Mr. Moses Spafford, aged 79, to Miss Polly Bronson, aged 24.

*In Herefordshire, Eng John Freeman chimney sweeper, to Mrs Priscilla Thankwaite, with a fortune of 4000*l* Mrs T. was a very eccentric character, and on her coming of age, declared that she would be married either to a soldier, a sailor, a cobbler, or a chimney sweeper. In consequence of this declaration, Peter Norman, a soldier, Henry Dalton, a sailor, James Hunt, a cobbler, and John Freeman, a chimney sweeper, respectively paid their addresses to this fair female and exerted all their abilities to win her heart. After a mature deliberation on the merits of the different suitors, she gave her preference to the member of the sooty tribe!*

Died.

On Sunday evening last, after a short and painful illness, in the 75th year of his age Mr. Charles Swan, pilot.

At Alexandria, Mr. Archibald Kincaid—near Baltimore, James Edwards, Esq.

On Thursday the 25th inst Mr. Stephen M. Wilmut.

In Washington City, on the 24th inst. Capt. Andrew M. Clary, a soldier of the

Revolution, and for many years a Clerk in the Department of War.

On Sunday afternoon last, Mr. Garrett Garrison, aged 75 years, a worthy and respectable citizen.

Close'd are his eyes—with death they now are seal'd.

And pleas'd he was when call'd his life to yield;

No dread he felt—no fear grim death to taste—

A godlike life, like his, insures a place In that blest realm where all do dwell in peace,

Where woe ne'er reaches, nor do pleasures cease;

Let friend or foe speak just, say what they can.

He was the noblest work of God, an honest man,

N.

On Friday 26th inst Mrs. Margaret Willett, aged 75 years.

'What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,

To wake the Soul to sense of future scenes!'

At Nantucket on the 9th inst, David, Mitchell, aged 37, a worthy and exemplary member of the society of Friends

In the death of this man society has to regret the loss of one of its most useful members, and humanity to drop a tear over one of her brightest ornaments. Living under the habitual impression of the sacred obligations of religion and benevolence, he was as eminent for his circumspect observance of the one as for his liberal performance of the generous dictates of the other—He has left an amiable wife and four children to mourn over the sad breach that is made in their little society, and to lament the loss of the kindest of husbands, the best and most indulgent of fathers.

W—

At Portage des Sioux, on the 30th April last, Jacques Tabeau aged 103 years: he has left a wife that is now something above 100 years old, with whom he has lived 80 years.

On Thursday evening the 25th inst, much, and deservedly lamented. Mrs. Corey, wife of Mr. Thomas Corey.

At Bushwick, Long Island, Mr. Jacob Suydam, aged 71, a respectable inhabitant of that place; and at Setauket, Mrs. Mary Aberly, aged 75.



*"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."*

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.



PARODY ON THE BEGGAR'S
PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old maid,
Whose deep distress has drove her to
your feet ;
Whose faded form demands your friend-
ly aid,
Oh! give relief, and make my joys com-
plete.
These wrinkling cheeks my misery be
speak,
These rotted teeth proclaim my length-
ened years,
And many a night, when gentle sleep I
seek,
I drown my pillow in a flood of tears.
Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
I fondly hoped to make my dear abode,
For there my heart a youthful lover
found,
From there my youthful heart that lov-
er wooed.
Hard is the fate of maidens waxing old ;
Here, as I craved affection for my love,
A pert young romp his warm attach-
ment stole,
Which left me, wretched thro' the world
to rove.
O take me to your hospitable heart !
Keen blow the blasts of my declining
years :

Shortly remorse, my thread of life will
part,

For I am torn with doubts and racked
with fears.

Should I reveal the anguish of my soul,
If a soft passion ever touched your
breast,

Pity your arms would instantly unfold,
And I, with rapture to your heart be
prest.

Heaven sends us husbands, why should
'I repine?

'Tis Heaven has brought me to the
place you see,

To supplicate that manly heart of thine,
To snatch one poor old maid from mis-
ery.

Love and a lover were my early lot,
My eyes beheld the promised nuptial
morn ;
But disappointment, with its dreadful
blot,
Dashed all my hopes and left my soul
forlorn.

My rival, once my dearest bosom friend,
Lured from allegiance my fond lover's
heart ;

Now tastes the joys which Heaven for
me did send,

And triumphs o'er the pangs my heart-
strings part.

My tender heart, which knew nor grief
nor care,

Wrought up to madness at the stern
decree,

Sunk, bleeding sunk, in depths of dark
despair,

And I was left to mourn my destiny.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old maid,
Whose deep distress has drove her to
your feet ,

Whose faded form demands your friend-
ly aid,

Oh! give relief, and make my joys com-
plete.

PHILOS.

When a man is in debt, and without the means of immediate payment; if honestly disposed to exert himself to satisfy claims, he ought to be indulged with time. Creditors who are oppressive are sometimes rightly used; yet few would take the means of revenge and relief discovered in the following instance

OF AVOIDING THE BAILIFF'S.

Opprest with care and much in debt,
By duns and catchpole sore beset,
Sam to the bottle flew:
The bottle only made him worse;
Nought does he do but scold and curse,
As troubles thicker brew.

He begg'd his creditors to wait,
That he himself might extricate,
And pay them all their dues;
With prayers and threats he them assails,
But nought he says or does avails:
They all of them refuse.

'Since, then,' said he, 'you will not wait'
And get your pay at last, though late,
I'll pay each bond and note.
On me again you shall not call;
At once myself I'll disenthral,
And have complete revenge of all."
He spoke and—cut his throat.

The following Ode was sung, at the late Anniversary in Boston, after the first Toast.—It was written in 1778, and does honor to the taste of Judge Dawes, who wrote it.

ODE.

Hail Goddess bright, around thee throng
The tribes that march in Honor's train!
To heaven they raise the rapturous song,
And listening seraphs catch the strain.
At thy approach Oppression flies,
The scepter'd monarch bows his head:
Bright Lucifer descends the skies,
And mingles with the common dead.

Thy name the western world inspires
Its strength of arms and arms to prove,
See, Washington the battle fires,
And Franklin curbs the bolt of Jove.

Bless'd by thy smile, the flowery spring
Shall breathe her fragrant odours round;
With notes of joy the welkin ring,
And earth the joyous notes resound.
With thee the rosy hours shall dance
In sweet rotation ever gay;
Till Time, expiring shall advance
Thy sons to glory's living day.

Checks, Cards, Handbills

AND PRINTING IN GENERAL,
*Neatly and correctly executed, on
reasonable terms; and goods
(of any kind) will be taken
in part payment,—at the
Office of the
LADY'S MISCELLANY*

Thomas H. Brantingham, has removed to No. 145 Broadway, where he continues to procure money on Mortgages, notes of hand & deposits, buys & sells houses, improved farms, & tracts of land Also lets & leases houses & lots, on reasonable commission.—Also the lease of 2 houses, & annuity. Also for sale 30 farms, several with good improvements, will be sold low, goods & property of every sort taken in payment, or any who forms a company tickets & draw for the different farms will be liberally paid for it Also a skillful farming man with a good character, will meet with encouragement by applying as above. May 20th, 1811.

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